No, yet time ſerues, wherein you may redeeme
Your baniſht honors, and reſtore your ſelues,
Into the good thoughts of the world againe:
Reueng the ieering and diſdaind contempt
Of this proud King, who ſtudies day and night
To anſwere all the debt he owes to you,
Euen with the bloudie payment of your deaths:
Therefore I ſay.

Wor. Peace Cooſin, ſay no more.
And now I will vnclaſpe a ſecret booke,
And to your quicke conceiuing diſcontents
Ile read you matter deepe and dangerous,
As full of perill and aduenterous ſpirit.
As to o're walke a Current roring lowd,
On the vnſteadfaſt footing of a ſpeare.

Hot. If hee fall in, good night, or ſinke or ſwime,
Send danger from the Eaſt vnto the weſt,
So honor croſſe it, from the North to South,
And let them grapple: O the bloud more ſtirrs
To rouſe a Lion, than to ſtart a Hare.

North. Imagination of ſome great exploit
Driues him beyond the bounds of patience.
By heauen me thinkes it were an eaſie leape,
To pluckbright honor from the pale-fac'd Moone,
Or diue into the bottome of the deepe,
Where fadome line could neuer touch the ground,
And pluck vp drowned honor by the lockes,
So he that doth redeeme her thence might weare
Without corriuall all her dignities:
But out vpon this halfe fac't fellowſhip.

Wor. He apprehendes a world of figures here,
But not the forme of what he ſhould attend,
Good Cooſin giue me audience for a while.

Hot. I cry you mercy.

Wor. Thoſe ſame noble Scots that are your priſoners,

Hot. Ile keepe them all.
By God he ſhall not haue a Scot of them,
No, if a Scot would ſaue his ſoule, he ſhall not.

Ile

Ile keepe them by this hand.

Wor You ſtart away,
And lend no eare vnto my pur
Thoſe priſoners you ſhall keep

Hot. Nay, I will: thats flat:
He ſaid he would not ranſome
Forbad my tongue to ſpeake o
But I will find him when he lie
And in his eare Ile hollo Mort
Nay, Ile haue a ſtarling ſhal be
No thing but Mortimer, and g
To keepe his anger ſtill in mot

Wor. Heere you cooſin a wo

Hot. All ſtudies here I ſole
Saue how to gall and pinch th
And that ſame ſword and buc
But that I thinke his father lo
And would be glad he met wi
I would haue him poyſoned w

Wor. Farewell kinsman, Ile
When you are better tempere

Nor. Why what a waſpe-to
Art thou, to breake into this
Tying thine eare to no tongue

Hot. Why looke you, I am wh
Netled, and ſtung with piſmi
Of this vile politician Bulling
In Richards time, what do yo
A plague vpon it, it is in Gloc
Twas where the mad-cap Du
His vncle yorke, where I firſt
Vnto this King of ſmiles, this
Zbloud when you and he can

Nor. At Barkly Caſtle.

why what a candie deal of cu
This fawning greyhound the
Looke when this infant fortu
And gentle Harry Percy, and

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